

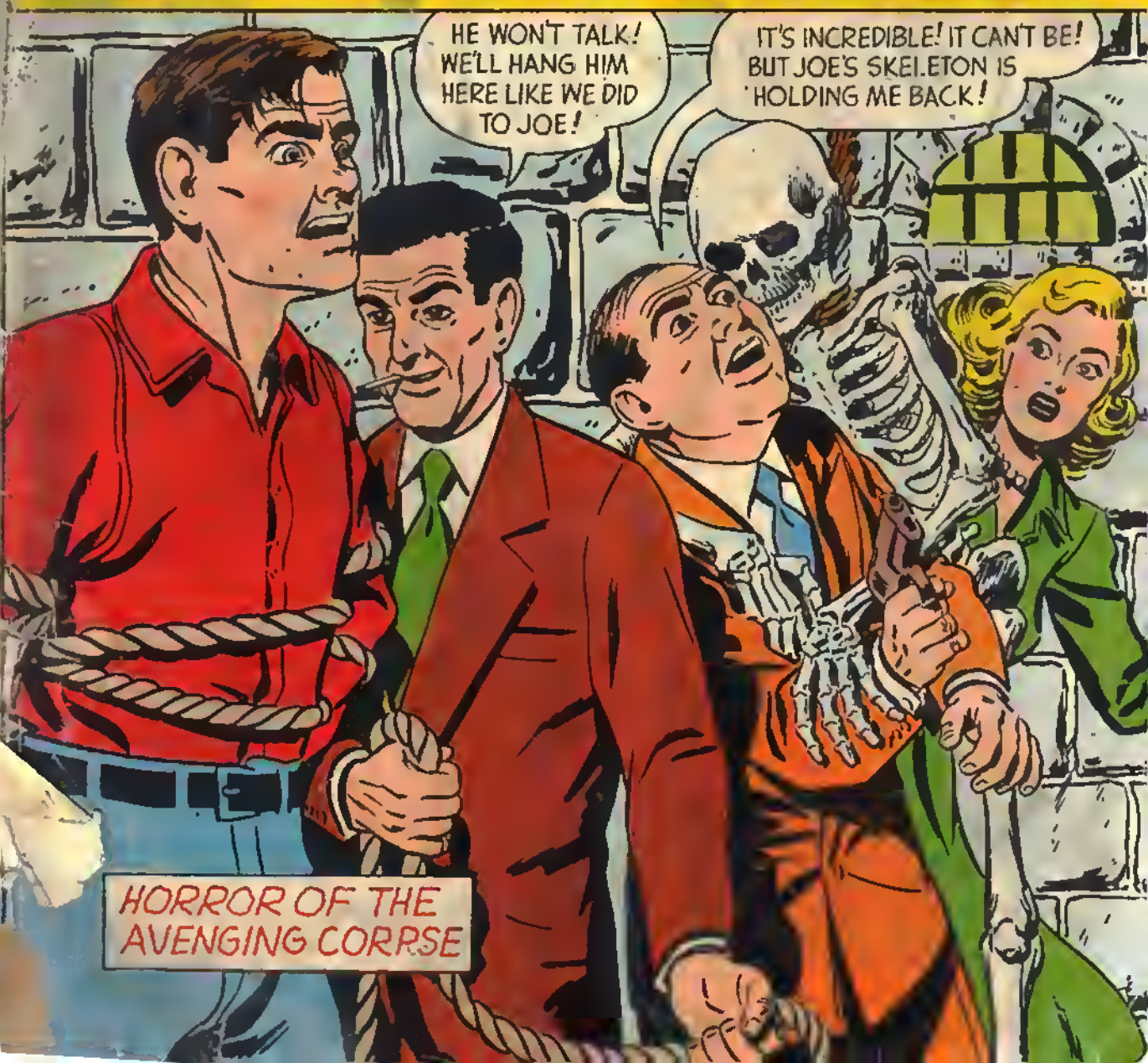
# **HORROR** *AND* **SUSPENSE** **FIGHT AGAINST** **CRIME**

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**HORROR OF THE  
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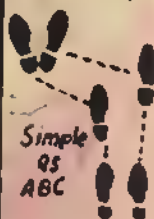


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# HORROR of the TWIN ALIBIS



**"THE PERFECT ALIBI!"**... EVERY CRIMINAL'S DREAM! LARS SLOAN, MASTERMIND OF GANGLAND'S CORRUPT CIRCLE, HAD THAT ALIBI! IT LOOKED LIKE A SET-UP FOR LIFE... UNTIL LARS' POWER-MAD MIND LET JEALOUSY AND FEAR CONQUER HIS REASON! FOLLOW THIS TALE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THROUGH A WEB OF MURDER AND TERROR! THIS, THE STORY OF...  
**"THE PERFECT ALIBI!"**

FLEISHMAN

**O**UR STORY TAKES US BACK TEN YEARS TO CHICAGO... AND THE "CONFERENCE ROOM" OF LARS SLOAN, MOBSTERLAND'S REIGNING OVERSEER.

NOT BAD, BOSS! FIVE G'S IN TEN DAYS... AND WE'RE FREE AS AIR!

YEAH, LARS, YA GOT ALL TH' COPPERS GOING NUTTY!

PERHAPS JUST A LITTLE TOO NUTTY!

WHATTA YA MEAN, BOSS? EXCEPT FOR PINKY AND FREDDY...

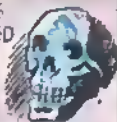
THAT'S JUST IT! YESTERDAY THE BULLS PICKED UP THOSE TWO AND LAST WEEK IT WAS SLOTS! THE COPPERS ARE GETTING TOO CLOSE TO HOME! THEY'LL BE HOT ON OUR MOB'S TRAIL SOON!

YER JUST NERVOUS TONIGHT, LARS. THEY GOT NOthin' ON US

MAYBE NOT... BUT, I AIN'T TAKIN' ANY CHANCES! I DON'T WANT OUR MOB RUINED 'CAUSE ONE STUPID GUY GETS CAUGHT! I'M GOIN' FOR A WALK AND DO SOME THINKIN'!



LATER, AS LARS SLOAN STROLLED THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF JACKSON PARK



I WON'T LET THE LAW GET HOLD OF ANY OF MY BOYS! NOBODY CAN TOUCH LARS SLOAN'S GANG...  
**NOBODY!**



THE GANGLORD'S THOUGHTS WERE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED.

ALL RIGHT, BUSTER, REACH!

WHAT TH...



COME ON, BUD, HAND OVER YER WALLET AND WATCH! AND MAKE IT QUICK!

WHY, YOU TWO-BIT THUG! I OUGHTA...



TWO-BIT THUG, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU PUNK!

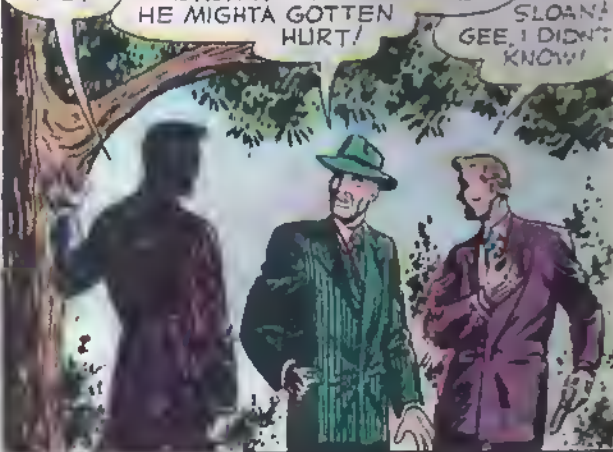
HOLD IT A SECOND, LES! I THINK WE'VE MADE A MISTAKE!



YOU'RE LARS SLOAN, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT, PUNK! LARS SLOAN IN THE FLESH. IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CALLED THIS MORON AWAY FROM ME... HE MIGHTA GOTTEN HURT!

LARS SLOAN! GEE, I DIDN'T KNOW!



SORRY, MR. SLOAN. LES DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU IN THE DARK. WE GOT TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR YOU TO TRY TO PULL A DUMB STUNT LIKE THAT!

FORGET IT, KID / WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES... HEY! YOU GUYS ARE TWINS!

YEAH, I'M LES WHITE, AND THIS IS MY BROTHER, AL...

NICE MEETIN' YOU BOYS. YEAH, MAYBE VERY NICE INDEED!





**A** CHANCE MEETING IN THE PARK SET LARS SLOAN'S VICIOUS MIND QUICKLY RACING...

LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU TWO COME ON UP TO MY PLACE FOR A DRINK. I GOT AN IDEA I THINK YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN.

SURE THING, MR. SLOAN

**AND AN HOUR LATER....**

AND SO THAT'S THE PROBLEM! THE BULLS KEEP PINCHING THE SMALL GUYS HOPING THEY'LL LEAD THEM TO THE BIG FISH LIKE ME!

YEAH, I BEEN HEARING ABOUT IT... BUT LOOK MR. SLOAN, WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH AL AND ME? YOU SAID YOU HAD SOME KINDA PLAN.

I DO! YOU TWO GUYS ARE GONNA KEEP MY BOYS ABOVE SUSPICION... AND MAKE A PILE OF DOUGH AT THE SAME TIME!

SOUNDS GREAT TO ME! WHAT'S THE DEAL?

YOU GUYS ARE TWINS... IDENTICAL TWINS! AND THAT'S THE GIMMICK! FOR ABOUT A MONTH AL IS GONNA BE SEEN CONSTANTLY WITH MY GANG. EVERYBODY, INCLUDING THE COPS IS GONNA KNOW HE BELONGS TO LARS SLOAN'S MOB! LES WILL STAY HOLED UP TIGHT AS A OORUM... **NOBODY MUST KNOW THERE ARE TWO OF YOU!**

IT'LL BE PERFECT. WHEN WE'RE SURE EVERYONE KNOWS WHO AL IS WE'LL PULL THE FIRST JOB... AND AT THE SAME TIME, LES WILL APPEAR SOMEPLACE WHERE AT LEAST A HALF DOZEN PEOPLE WILL SEE HIM! WE'LL MAKE SURE SOME OF THE JERKS GET A LOOK AT AL'S FACE AND WHEN THE BULLS TRY TO PIN THE JOB ON MY MOB, WE'LL SHOW 'EM OUR **PERFECT ALBI!** LES!

MR. SLOAN... YOU ARE A GENIUS! IT'S TERRIFIC! COUNT ME IN!

ME TOO!

HERE'S A TOAST... TO CRIME, MONEY AND POWER!

**L**ARS SLOAN WAS RIGHT... HIS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER PLAN WORKED LIKE A CHARM....

ALL RIGHT, SUCKERS, JUST STAY NICE AND QUIET AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT! THE FIRST ONE WHO MOVES GETS IT IN THE BELLY!

OKAY, GUYS, LET'S BLOW! WE GOT ALL THE DOUGH!



OH, QUICKLY,  
SOMEONE!  
CALL THE  
POLICE!

I SAW ONE OF THEIR  
FACES! HIS HANKERCHIEF  
SLIPPED DOWN AND I GOT  
A GOOD LOOK AT HIM!  
I'D KNOW HIM  
ANYWHERE!

AND TWO HOURS  
LATER AT LARS'  
APARTMENT...

OKAY, LARS, THIS  
TIME YOUR BOYS  
SLIPPED UP! YOU  
AND WHITE GET YOUR  
HATS AND COATS...  
WE'RE GOING FOR A  
LITTLE RIDE DOWN  
TO HEADQUARTERS!

WHY,  
DETECTIVE  
PENN, WHAT  
CAN YOU BE  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

CUT  
THE COMEDY,  
AND LET'S  
GO, SLOAN!

DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS LATER...

YES, I'M  
POSITIVE  
THAT'S  
HIM!

THAT'S  
ALL  
BOYS!  
LET'S  
GO HAVE  
YOU BOTH  
FITTED FOR  
LITTLE  
STRIPED  
SUITS!

WAIT A  
SECOND,  
PENN! THIS  
DAME'S  
WACKY! I  
WASN'T  
ANYWHERE  
NEAR THE  
4TH NATIONAL  
TRUST CO. TODAY.  
AT ONE O'CLOCK  
THIS AFTERNOON  
I WAS HAVING A  
BEER WITH A  
COUPLA  
PALS AT THE  
GOLDEN  
EAGLE. CHECK  
UP AND  
YOU'LL SEE!  
LOTS OF  
PEOPLE SAW ME!

AND WHEN DETECTIVE CHARLES PENN DID CHECK...

...AND YOU WOULD  
SWEAR IN COURT  
THAT THIS MAN  
WAS HERE TODAY  
AT ONE O'CLOCK?

OH, YES, OFFICER!  
I'D SWEAR ON  
MY LIFE! IT WAS  
HIM ALL RIGHT...  
I NEVER FORGET  
A FACE

ME TOO!  
THAT'S THE  
GUY! HE  
WAS  
HERE

OKAY, YOU TWO BEAT  
IT! I'D HAVE BET MY  
JOB THAT I HAD  
YOU THIS TIME,  
SLOAN... BUT MAYBE  
I WAS WRONG!

THAT'S FOR  
NUTHIN'  
FLATFOOT!  
C'MON, AL,  
LET'S BLOW!

AND SO IT WENT MONTH AFTER MONTH...

THAT'S HIM,  
OFFICER! HE  
WAS LEADING  
THE GANG!

YER NUTS, MISTER!  
DURING THE  
SHOOTIN' I WAS  
AT THE...

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM  
THAT WAS IN THAT ROBBERY  
AND KILLING, OFFICER. HE  
WAS RIGHT HERE IN MY  
STORE AT FOUR O'CLOCK...  
I WAITED ON HIM, MYSELF!



SHORTLY AFTER, LARS THREW A LARGE PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE GANG'S GOOD FORTUNE...

WHAT A DEAL! WE'RE SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD, BOYS! LARS SLOAN'S GOT ALL OF CHICAGO IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND!

DON'T FORGET, LARS, IF IT WASN'T FOR LES AND ME YOU WOULDN'T BE WHERE YOU ARE NOW!



YEAH, AS A MATTER OF FACT, LARS, AL AND ME BEEN MEANIN' TO TALK TO YOU! WE WANT MORE DOUGH... YOU BEEN TAKING HALF THE LOOT AND SPLITIN' THE REST UP WITH THE BOYS AND US... WE WANT AN EVEN CUT!

WHY YOU LITTLE WEASEL, I OUGHTTA KNOCK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR MOUTH! IF I HADN'T PICKED YOU TWO UP YOU'D STILL BE PULLIN' "BIG" JOBS IN THE PARK!



WAIT A SECOND, LARS! AL AND LES IS RIGHT! SINCE THEY JOINED UP WITH US WE BEEN MAKIN' TWICE AS MUCH DOUGH!

WITHOUT THEM THIS MOB'D BE SUNK! THEY'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU ARE!

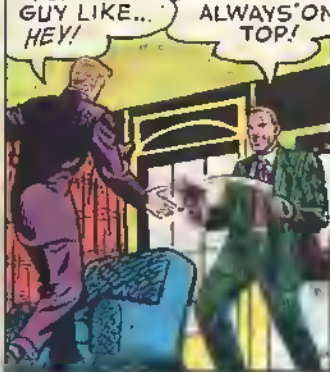
YEAH, YER RIGHT, TONY

MAYBE WE CAN COME TO TERMS, LARS! AL 'N ME'LL TAKE OVER THE GANG AND YOU CAN WORK FOR US! WE CAN USE A SMART GUY LIKE... HEY!

YOU ALWAYS WERE A TWO-BIT PUNK, LES! AND YOU STILL ARE! ME WORK FOR YOU... HA! LARS SLOAN WORKS UNDER NOBODY! HE'S ALWAYS ON TOP!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE MY PLACE, SUCKERS! YOU'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING ELSE... CAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD!

NO, LARS, DON... AGGRRHHH



LARS KILLED THE TWINS...

YA SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, LARS... AL AND LES WERE GOOD BOYS

AND DON'T THINK WE'RE GONNA LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT!

DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND NOBODY'S STOPPIN' ME!



LARS SLOAN FLED FROM THE PARTY AND BEGAN WHAT SEEMED LIKE A NEVER-ENDING JOURNEY INTO FEAR OF HIS MOB... AND A RIDE... OR CAPTURE BY THE COPS!

I-I GOTTA GET ACROSS THE STATE LINE! I'LL BE SAFER THERE!





ONLY WITH A GANG OF HOODLUMS BACKING HIM UP WITH GUNS WAS LARS SLOAN A BRAVE MAN... ALONE AND FRIGHTENED, HE QUICKLY DISSOLVED INTO A BUNDLE OF RAW NERVES!

I GOTTA FIND A PLACE T-TO HOLE UP IN! I C-CAN'T..

SAY, WAIT A SECOND! AREN'T YOU...



WH.../ LEMME ALONE! DON'T COME NEAR ME OR I'LL KILL YOU!

WELL FOR PETE'S SAKE! ALL I WANTED TO KNOW WAS IF HE WASN'T THE MECHANIC FROM RED'S GARAGE!

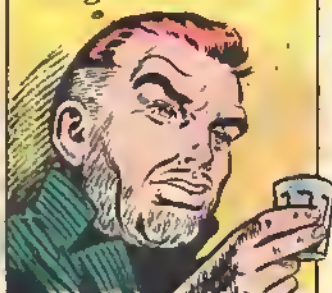


AFTER THREE WEEKS OF FEAR-FILLED DAYS AND NIGHTS... LARS COULD STAND IT NO LONGER! IN DESPERATION HE STRUCK UPON A PLAN

THAT'S IT, OF COURSE! I'LL CONFESS! I'LL EXPLAIN THE WHOLE SET-UP TO THE COPPER! THEY'LL BE SO GLAD TO KNOW THE TRUTH THEY'LL PROBABLY THINK I DID 'EM A FAVOR! I'LL SWEAR I KILLED AL AND LES IN SELF DEFENSE!



WITH LUCK, I'LL BE OUT OF THE PEN IN JUST A FEW YEARS... AND BY THAT TIME THE BOYS WILL'VE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THIS... I'LL START ALL OVER AGAIN! LARS SLOAN WILL BE BIGGER THAN EVER!



LARS SET HIS PLAN INTO ACTION BY IMMEDIATELY REPORTING TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION...

...AND THAT'S THE TRUTH! THEY WERE GONNA KILL ME! I HADDA DO IT! IT WAS THEM OR ME!

OKAY, OKAY, SLOAN... TAKE IT EASY! WE'LL CHECK ON YOUR STORY... BUT FOR THE TIME BEING, WE'LL GET YOU SETTLED IN A NICE LITTLE CELL!



NO ONE CAME FORTH TO DENY THE TRUTH OF LARS STORY AND THAT FACT PLUS THE OTHER INFORMATION HE GAVE THEM ABOUT CHICAGO'S GANGLAND TENDED TO MAKE THE POLICE OFFICIALS LENIENT TOWARD THE KILLER... LARS FUTURE LOOKED ALMOST BRIGHT...

EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD US SEEMS TO MAKE SENSE, SLOAN! THAT INFORMATION YOU GAVE US ON THE WALDO GANG HELPED US WIPE OUT THE WHOLE DIRTY BUNCH! WHEN YOUR CASE COMES UP, THE FORCE WILL SEE THAT LENIENCY IS RECOMMENDED!



THANKS, CAPTAIN! I WANTED TO HELP ALL I COULD! I'M THROUGH WITH CRIME... IT'S THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW FOR ME!





LARS SLOAN'S TRIAL WAS HELD TWO MONTHS LATER. HE WAS FOUND GUILTY OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER AND SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY. WITH TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR LARS WAS CERTAIN HE'D BE A FREE MAN WITHIN SIX YEARS...

OKAY, SLOAN, HERE'S WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR THIS SEASON! HENCEFORTH YOU'RE TO BE KNOWN AS #367956

FOR A WHILE, SUCKER... JUST FOR A WHILE

LARS WAS ASSIGNED TO THE PRISON LAUNDRY WHERE HE SHIED AWAY FROM ANY CONTACT WITH OTHER PRISONERS...

HEY, SLOAN, YA WANNA PLAY BASEBALL THIS AFTERNOON WHEN WE'RE OUT IN THE YARD?

I GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO! ...I DON'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP WITH ANY OF THESE BUMS! IT'S LIABLE TO HURT MY RECORD...

THAT AFTERNOON IN THE YARD...

JUST A FEW SHORT YEARS AND THEN I'LL BE OUT! I'LL...

HELLO LARS! IT TOOK TIME BUT I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU

Y-YOU! AL... LES... I-I-- BUT IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BE! Y-YOU'RE DEAD! I-I KILLED YOU! I SHOT YOU BOTH!

YEAH, YOU KILLED AL AND LES... AND NOW I'M GONNA...

D-ON'T COME NEAR ME! Y-YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE A GHOST!

HEY, SLOAN! GET AWAY FROM THAT GATE!

DON'T LET HIM GET ME! HE'S DEAD, DEAD!

GET AWAY FROM THERE, SLOAN! OR WE'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS!

BUT LARS SLOAN'S FEAR-CRAZED MIND WAS TOO DEADENED WITH SHOCKED TO HEED THE GUARD'S WARNINGS... AND...

HE'S A GHOST! HE A GHRRR

BLAST HIM, BOYS!

RAT TAT TAT TAT

LATER IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...

I DIDN'T DO NOTHING TO HIM, WARDEN! HE THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF MY DEAD TWIN BROTHERS! HE DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE TRIPLETS!

YES, THE WHITE BOYS WERE TRIPLETS... AND THIS ENDED THE VICIOUS AND BRUTAL CAREER OF LARS SLOAN! THE "PERFECT ALIBI" HAD SET A TRAP OF DEATH FOR HIM!

THE END



# A CORPSE GETS... REVENGE!



CROAK HIM, STELLA...  
OR I'LL BLAST YOU!!

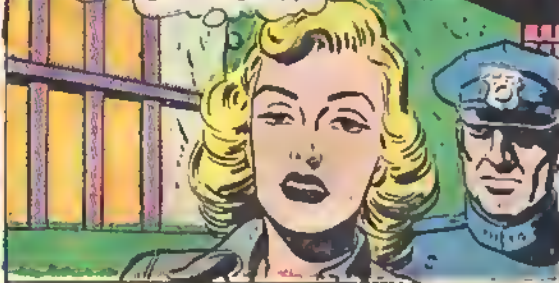
I'LL GET REVENGE...  
ARRGGH...REVENGE!!

BAM

STELLA WENT TO THE CHAIR FOR THE CRIME SHE DIDN'T COMMIT. HER BOY FRIEND PROMISED TO COME BACK FOR HER. HE COULDN'T; BECAUSE A DEAD MAN HE MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE TO DOOM HIM. YES, A DEAD BODY CAN KILL A LIVE GUNMAN WHEN...  
"A CORPSE GETS REVENGE!"

IN STATE'S PRISON, A TRAIL OF CRIME  
ENDS IN THE LAST MILE TO DEATH...

MY NAME? STELLA DARLON...THE STATE  
IS TAKING MY LIFE BECAUSE THEY SAY I  
KILLED AL LUPO. YES, I KILLED A MAN I  
DESERVE TO DIE. BUT IT WASN'T LUPO  
I KILLED!!



I WANT THE WORLD  
TO KNOW THE TRUTH  
ABOUT ME.

SHE'S A COOL  
ONE! DYING  
BRAVE!!





I WAS YOUNG AND I LOVED JOE ARNOLD...ONE DAY HE AND "TRIGGER" MOXER PLANNED TO DO A SMALL PAY-ROLL JOB AT A LOCAL GEM STORE...I DIDN'T THINK I WAS A REAL CRIMINAL...JOE ASKED ME TO BE A LOOK-OUT!

YES, I'LL WATCH IN AND-OUT, FOR THE COPS! TRIGGER! HURRY! WE SHOULD PICK UP 3 C-NOTES HERE!



BUT JOE'S PLAN FOR A SMALL-TIME STICK-UP IS QUICKLY CHANGED...

SOME BIG-TIME MOB'S BEEN HERE BEFORE US! THEY GOT THE JEWELS, TOO. THESE MEN ARE CORPSES!

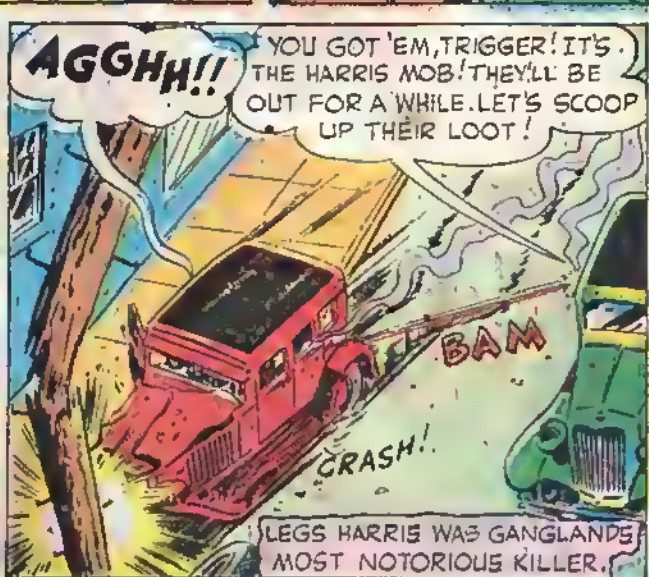


JOE WAS AFRAID TO TRY A BIG "HEIST"...BUT TRIGGER'S "CHOPPER" AND I PERSUADED HIM TO RISK A DANGEROUS TRY FOR BIG MONEY....

I'M SMALL TIME, BUT I'M SAFE... I DON'T WANT REAL TROUBLE! THIS JOB WILL MAKE US RICH! MAKE JOE DO IT STELLA.



YOU NICKEL-SNITCHING GRIFFERS! EAT LEAD! STEADY, STELLA! I'LL GET THEIR TIRES!



AGGHH!! YOU GOT 'EM, TRIGGER! IT'S THE HARRIS MOB! THEY'LL BE OUT FOR A WHILE. LET'S SCOOP UP THEIR LOOT!



LATER, AT JOE'S BASEMENT HIDE-OUT...





**BUT "TRIGGER" MOXER WASN'T BLINDED BY ANY "BIG-TIME" SCHEMES...**

HA, HA, JOE! SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A BIG WHEEL, NOW? BUT YOU'RE STILL A SMALL SAFE CRACKING GRIFTER TO ME! LET'S SEE YOU CHANGE THOSE DIAMONDS INTO CASH FIRST!



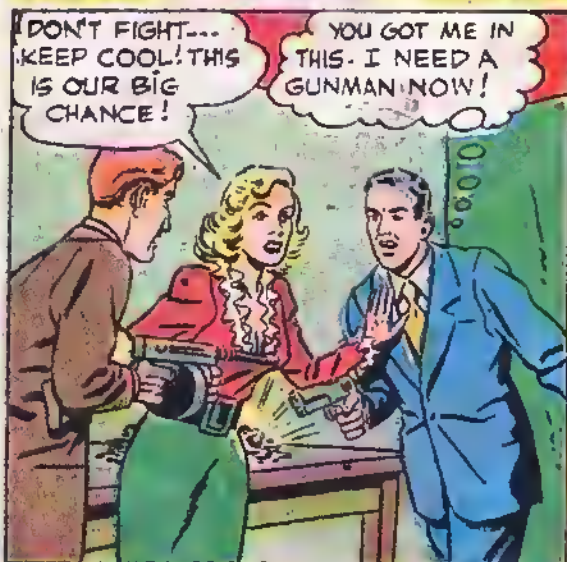
WHY, YOU HOT-ROD HOOD...I'M STILL THE BOSS, THE BRAINS!

MAYBE...BUT MY GUN COPPED THOSE SPARKLERS...AND I WANT MY CUT IN CASH! I'M LEAVING BEFORE HARRIS GETS HERE!



DON'T FIGHT... KEEP COOL! THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!

YOU GOT ME IN THIS. I NEED A GUNMAN NOW!



COME ON TRIGGER, LET'S EAT. I SEE JOE WANTS TO THINK!

OKAY WITH ME, BABY! I'VE ALWAYS LIKED YOU...EVEN IF YOUR BOY FRIENDS A PENNY-PINCHER! HA, HA!!



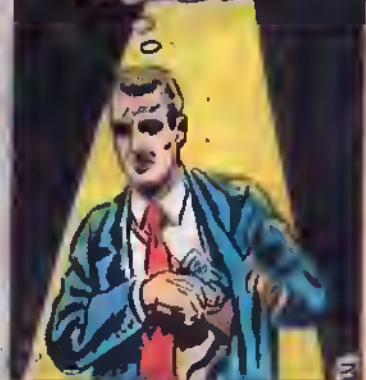
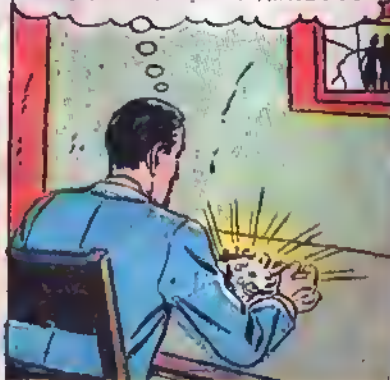
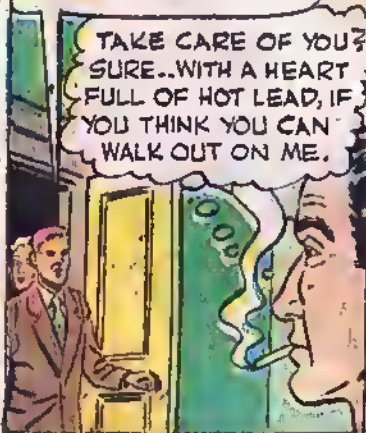
TAKE CARE OF ME, JOE, SEE? I WANT CASH...BEFORE THAT HARRIS MOB FINDS US I WANT TO BE GONE!

JOE WAS AFRAID TRIGGER AND I WERE LEAVING HIM ALONE FOR LEGS HARRIS...

HE CAN'T PUSH ME AROUND...AND HE CALLS MY GIRL "BABY"! I'LL FIX HIM----

AND STELLA IS TOO FRIENDLY WITH TRIGGER! I'LL WIPE HIM OUT...AND FIX IT SO SHE CAN'T PULL OUT EITHER!

TAKE CARE OF YOU? SURE...WITH A HEART FULL OF HOT LEAD, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN WALK OUT ON ME.





AN HOUR LATER, JOE'S  
TRICKY PREPARATION ARE  
COMPLETE....

FIGURE SOMETHING OUT,  
BIG-BRAINS? HA HA HA !!

I'VE GOT ONE FULLY-  
LOADED GUN..AND I'LL  
GIVE A ROD WITH ONLY  
ONE SHELL IN IT TO  
STELLA---

SURE, TRIGGER.  
LET'S TALK THIS  
OVER, FRIENDLY-  
LIKE !

I'M NO  
FRIEND TO  
ANYTHING  
BUT CASH !

I WANT MY  
SPLIT BEFORE  
HARRIS GETS  
HERE !

YOU'LL GET A SPLIT YOU  
BIG HOOD...A SPLIT SKULL!  
TAKE THIS GUN, STELLA!

YOU DON'T HAVE THE  
GUTS FOR MURDER!  
LAY DOWN THAT  
ROD, JOE !

I NEED TIME TO TURN  
THOSE GEMS INTO CASH!  
AND I'M NOT GOING TO  
KILL YOU... BUT STELLA  
IS, SEE?

JOE, YOU CAN'T  
DO IT! YOU  
CAN'T KILL  
YOUR OLD  
PAL !!

I'LL TEAR YOU  
APART...WITH MY  
BARE HANDS!

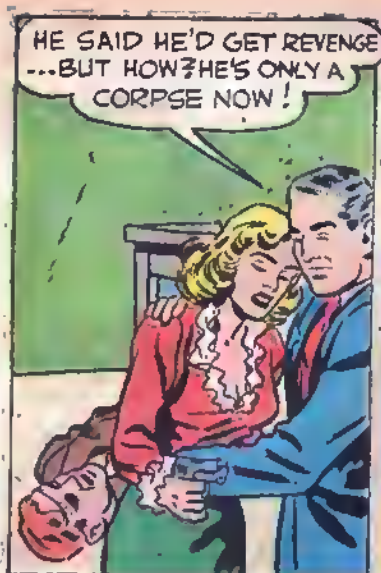
SHOOT HIM, STELLA!  
SHOOT! OR I'LL  
GET YOU!

I'LL GET REVENGE...EVEN IF YOU  
KILL ME, I'LL GET YOU...AAAGGH...

I'M A MURDERESS!  
OH, NO !!

BAM  
BAM





HE SAID HE'D GET REVENGE  
...BUT HOW? HE'S ONLY A  
CORPSE NOW!



JOE'S HIDEOUT HAD A SECRET  
EXIT AND TUNNEL...  
WE'LL STOW HIM IN THE SECRET  
TUNNEL AND GET RID OF HIM  
WHEN IT'S SAFE!

HIS EYES ARE STILL  
OPEN... HE SWORE  
HE'D GET REVENGE!



JOE TOOK TRIGGERS  
CORPSE INTO THE SECRET  
TUNNEL...



HE SAID HE WOULD GET REVENGE...  
BUT HE WON'T SCARE ME!

NOW JOE WAS AFRAID OF THE DEAD  
TRIGGER AND THE LIVING HARRIS. WITH-  
OUT A BODY GUARD, HE WAS AFRAID  
TO VENTURE OUT AND CASH IN ON HIS  
DIAMONDS...



IF I GO OUT HARRIS WILL  
FIND ME! TAKE THESE AND  
GET US CASH!

O.K.,  
JOE.

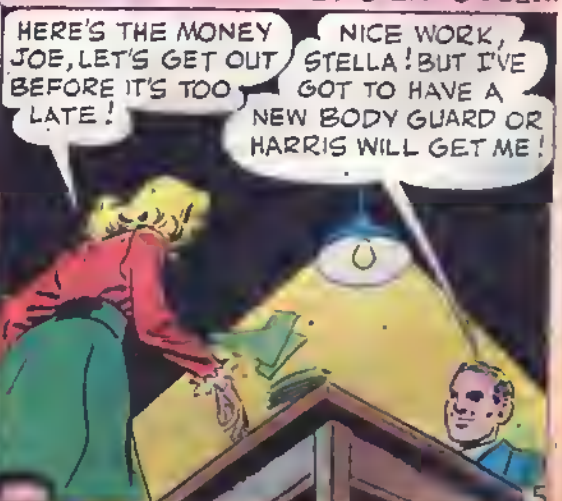
WITH A MURDER HANGING OVER ME, I  
HAD TO DO JOE'S BIDDING...



THIS STUFF  
IS TOO HOT.  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
FIVE!

YOU GOT TO GIVE ME AT  
LEAST TWENTY FIVE  
GRAND FOR THIS!

I HEADED BACK FOR THE HIDE-OUT  
AND TURNED THE MONEY OVER TO JOE...



HERE'S THE MONEY  
JOE, LET'S GET OUT  
BEFORE IT'S TOO  
LATE!

NICE WORK,  
STELLA! BUT I'VE  
GOT TO HAVE A  
NEW BODY GUARD OR  
HARRIS WILL GET ME!



SO I WENT TO "MUSCLES"  
--THE TOUGHEST HOOD FOR  
--RE IN THE CITY--

...AND YOU'LL  
GUARD HIM  
AGAINST--  
EVERYTHING?

FOR A GRAND  
A WEEK I  
PROMISE  
NOTHING WILL  
TOUCH HIM! LET'S  
GO SISTER!

WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE  
HIDEOUT, I NOTICED THAT  
JOE WAS HAUNTED BY SOME-  
THING ---WAS THE CORPSE IN  
THE TUNNEL. Jangling his  
NERVES?

I THOUGHT I  
HEARD...BUT  
TRIGGERS DEAD...  
I SAW HIM  
DIE!

SO YOU'RE  
MY NEW BOSS?  
HAND OVER  
A WEEK'S  
PAY IN  
ADVANCE!

YOU PROTECT  
ME AGAINST  
ANYTHING..  
YOU'RE SURE?

CUT THE  
JITTERS, BOSS!  
I'LL KEEP  
YOU SAFE  
AND QUIET AS  
THE GRAVE! HA HA!

"SAFE AS THE GRAVE"...SO JOE WAS AFRAID  
OF A DEAD MAN AND THE DEAD MAN'S  
PROMISE OF REVENGE....

I DON'T LIKE  
JOKES ABOUT  
DEATH, SEE?

CALM, JOE! DON'T TIP  
OUR SECRET..."MUSCLES"  
CAN'T KNOW...

I'LL DO ALL THE  
TRIGGER-PULLING  
FROM NOW ON!  
QUIET DOWN, BOSS,  
YOU GOT COMPLETE  
PROTECTION!

NERVES, JUST NERVES!  
AND DON'T MAKE EYES  
AT MY GIRL, EITHER,  
SEE?

SHE'S O.K. BUT,  
I LOVE ONLY  
CASH!

LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE!

BUT A 'STRANGE CAR PULLS UP...  
AND THE FEAR OF "DOUBLE-CROSS" SPREADS  
TERROR IN JOE'S MIND ---

HARRIS, SO THAT'S WHO  
YOU'RE AFRAID? DON'T  
YOU KNOW HARRIS IS..

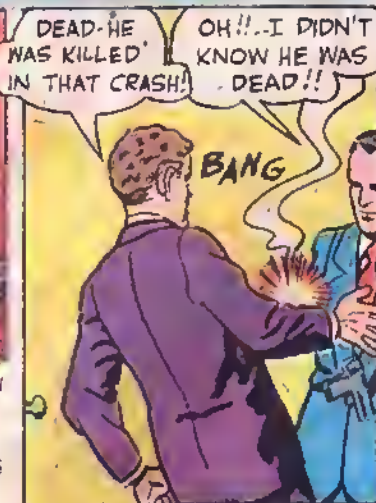
OH IT'S  
LEGS HARRIS!!



AS THE POLICE KNOCK ON THE DOOR, BURSTS OF GUN FIRE ROAR....



JOE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A POLICE CAR..NOR DID HE KNOW HARRIS WAS DEAD!!



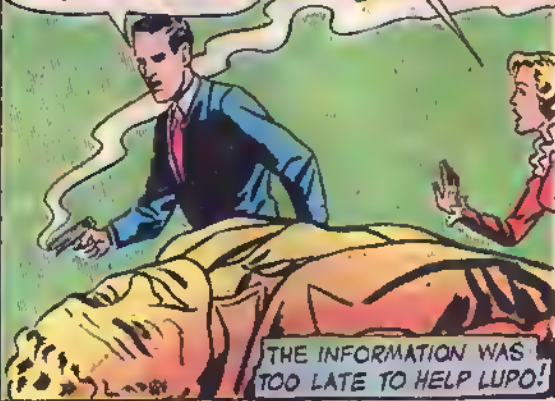
DEAD..HE WAS KILLED IN THAT CRASH!

OH!!..I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS DEAD!!

BANG

I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU STELLA! I'LL USE THE SECRET EXIT AND FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE!

JOE..DON'T.. LEAVE ME!



THE INFORMATION WAS TOO LATE TO HELP LUPO!

BY A GRIM TRICK OF FATE THE POLICE CAME..ONLY TO REPORT A DAMAGED TV AERIAL ON THE ROOF...



MISTER, YOUR TV...HEY!

GUN SHOTS, CLANCY! CRASH THIS DOOR!

I'LL SOON BE OUT..SAFE! I'LL CRAWL PAST TRIGGER AND LEAVE HIM TO ROT HERE.. THEY'LL NEVER FIND HIM! THEN I'LL FREE STELLA.



BUT TRIGGER'S CORPSE HAS STIFFENED IN RIGOR MORTIS.. FINGERS JOE ARNOLD IS HELD FAST IN THE COLD HANDS OF DEATH! THE TUNNEL IS TOO NARROW---

EEEEEE! HE'S GOT ME! HOLDING ME..TRIGGER! DON'T CHOKE ME...YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!



JOE'S TERRIFIED SCREAMS DON'T REACH PAST THE BRICKED IN CLOSET..AND THE COPS DIDN'T FIND THE SECRET EXIT---

BUT JOE NEVER RETURNED. TRIGGER GOT HIS REVENGE AND BACK IN STATE'S PRISON...STELLA DARLON PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY...

ENTOMBED FOREVER...A CORPSE CLUTCHES HIS KILLER WITH BONY HANDS...



ONLY A CLOSET. NO ONE ELSE HERE! THE DOOR WAS LOCKED..SHE KILLED HIM!

NO!NO!

HURRY, JOE! HURRY!

THEY'RE KILLING ME FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT!





# WE CAN STOP the ENEMIES of YOUTH



THE DOPE MENACE IS INJURING OUR YOUTH... GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN ARE ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHT TO HAPPINESS BY CRUEL AND DANGEROUS CHARACTERS WHO INDUCE THEM TO FALL PREY TO DOPE... ALL YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD REPORT DOPE PEDDLERS TO THEIR PARENTS, THEIR CLERGYMEN, THEIR TEACHERS, THE POLICE, OR THE NEAREST SOCIAL SERVICE AGENCY... THE COMICS MAGAZINE INDUSTRY PLEDGES ITSELF TO AID YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH-- THE DOPE PEDDLERS...

PREPARED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF NEW YORK CITY YOUTH BOARD AND THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS...



# DEATH SIGNS HIS NAME

ELLEN LYNN

JACK "DUKE" RAYMOND was handsome, tough, and smart. He was a fast man with a gun and afraid of no one. "Don't worry about me," he would say, "they will never get me, I'm too smart."

But I heard lots of stories about him and a few years later I knew—really knew—the whole truth about him. He became quite close to me—told me I was the only real friend he had. He said he knew I disapproved of him, but that I'd never betray him. And I never did. Even when my conscience and my best judgment tempted me to turn him in.

Duke Raymond was proudest when he became one of the Riley Gang. He had always admired Trigger Riley—the way he dressed, his snappy car, his retinue of followers. In fact, as the gang pulled one successful trick after another, The Duke began to imitate his chief, even using his tailor—though he had six suits to Trigger's fifty. While Duke was smart, Trigger was tough. Trigger was bugs on one thing, however. He always insisted, "If they ever get me I want a fine funeral."

Then an amazing thing happened: one of the "jobs" turned out a fluke and Trigger was sent to the pen. After five years of riding high Trigger was in prison—and The Duke took over the gang!

Jack Raymond—The Duke—stepped quickly and expertly into Trigger's shoes. The jobs the gang pulled were fabulous—and successful. The Duke was "in" with the right people. Glamorous girls, night-clubs, wild parties were the order of the day—and night. Then he fell in love with Ginny Del Mar, the night-club queen, and they became engaged. He wanted to get married right away, but she played hard to get. But years pass quickly.

One night, they were at his club—The Roco Horse. It was a lucky night for the house and at last Ginny seemed inclined to listen to reason—drive down to Maryland and get married. Then the Duke glanced up at the door and his watcher, Skinny Morel, gave him the sign: in walked the forgotten Trigger and his retinue. It started quietly. All the guests were ushered out—the concealed weapons clenched in pockets made it orderly and speedy. Then Trigger's new strong-arm men went to work on The Duke and his followers.

Months later The Duke got out of the hospital—

wobbly and a deep scar on his right temple. He had some trouble rounding up his old henchmen—most of them had gone back to Trigger Riley. But he found Skinny Morel, Ace Timken and Georgio Franco. They had all been laid up and all of them, like The Duke, nursed their plans for revenge as well as their wounds. They agreed that there was no use in playing see-saw with Trigger any more. This was the end of the road and this time The Duke and his crowd would stay there.

The plans were all worked out. Two of the boys got hold of Ginger Del Mar; Trigger had even taken her for himself. At the point of a gun she phoned Trigger and told him she'd be in her car in front of the Club; they'd go to her place together. When he came down, there she was sitting at the wheel; The Duke and the three boys, Skinny, Ace and Georgio were crouched in the rear. Trigger sat in the front seat and found guns sticking into his ribs. They all drove out of town—for hours. The Duke dumped Ginger out while the car hit 80. Trigger gasped, then, faced with death, cowered in terror. He sobbed, begged, offered to give up everything to The Duke. He reminded him that he, Trigger, had given him his first chance in a gang. Then, the Duke, who was driving, brought the car to a sudden stop. They were on a pitch black country road, not a building in sight for miles. "Go to it, boys," he ordered. And the revengeful gang slugged and beat Trigger till the Duke said, "He's finished, dead. Let's go." With a heave, they all threw him over the embankment at the side of the road and as the boys played the flashlight on the body, The Duke laughingly said, "He always wanted a fine funeral." He plucked a dandelion at his feet, dropped it on Trigger's form and intoned: "Rest in peace." In the quiet of the lonely night Ace, Skinny and Georgia burst out laughing and each in turn picked a dandelion, dropped it on the body and repeated, "Rest in peace." The flashlight rested a moment on the dead man with four dandelions sprinkled on his face. "Let's get out of here," the Duke suddenly said. And they all clombered into the car and sped away.

Once again the Duke and his gang were the kingpins of the underworld. The old Trigger Riley



gang were deep in hiding. The newspapers were no longer splashed with the gory doings of a war. The Duke felt safe. Trigger was dead. Winter came. It was nine o'clock, Friday night, and the Duke were waiting for Ace and Georgia—their regular weekly conference. They were half an hour late. The Duke did not like to be kept waiting . . . he was getting impatient—when Georgia came rushing into the room. "Duke—Ace's dead—Ace's dead!" he cried. "I went to his room to pick him up—and—and—he was sitting at the table. He was playing solitaire—only—only—he was dead."

"How did it happen?" demanded the Duke. "Was it a murder?"

"He—he—looked frightened. And on the table—in front of him . . . was a . . . a . . . dandelion!"

"There ain't no dandelions in winter," Duke said.

They all laughed—all except Georgia who saw it. Then they fell silent and the Duke motioned them to come with him to see for themselves.

The police called it suicide and eventually the gangsters forgot about the dandelion.

The Duke soon had another female interest, Diane Bliss, the fabulous trapeze artist, of the Sherwin Star Circus. He was in her dressing-room after her last performance and they were having a drink before going out to supper. Suddenly a shriek broke through the night. Everyone ran out of tents and wagons. Duke and Diane followed the crowd and there, his arm caught in the cage of the snakes, hung the body of Georgia, blood streaming from his arm where a snake had bitten him. In his hand the Duke saw a—dandelion.

Somehow things were changed after the accident to Georgia. The Duke was still top man in gangland and safe from the law. In fact the Club was going so well he was dropping the "jabs" they used to pull. Skinny was still his right-hand man but he didn't take on any replacements for Ace and Georgia. Only once they mentioned the subject of the dandelions. Skinny asked, "What d'ya think, Duke, about those dandelions? Remember—how we dropped them on Trigger? How come there was one each time one of da boys passed away?"

"Just coincidence," said the Duke. "Lots a people pick dandelions, specially round circuses. They just happened to drop 'em and we noticed 'em 'cause of our little joke with Trigger."

But the Duke was becoming edgy. And then it happened again. He got a phone call one night from Skinny. "Duke—come—help—me. Some-

thing's choking me—I can't breathe . . ." The Duke was in his pajamas. He grabbed his robe and drove fast to Skinny's place. He banged on the door and finally had to get someone to open it with a passkey. They found Skinny dead on the floor—a dandelion on his chest.

The Duke went straight home, packed a small bag and left the house. He was scared now and had a plan. He would change his identity. Go far away. He went to a gangland doctor—a plastic surgeon. He always was a good-looking guy, but he had his nose changed. He stayed at the doctor's place two weeks and grew a mustache. He got hold of some old seaman's clothes and went down to the wharves. The captain of a tramp steamer gave him a job and he set to work for the first time in his life. Exhausted at night he'd flop on his bunk only to dream of his three henchmen and the three dandelions found by each of their bodies. Sometimes he'd wake up screaming and when his shipmates tried to help him he'd thrust them off. He wouldn't talk to anyone. No one must have the slightest clue as to who he was.

The life of a seaman on a tramp steamer was far different than his former life of luxury but he was beginning to feel safe after six months of voyaging. Even in foreign ports he kept mum about himself. No one could possibly recognize him—if that he was sure. He still was not used to the reflection of his face in the mirror: the new nose, the mustache. And now, too, he was weather-beaten and his rugged clothes were as unlike his well-tailored clothes as a tramp steamer is to the Queen Mary.

One time in London he was tempted to reveal himself. He had gone to the circus—it was the Sherwin Star Circus—and he saw Diane Bliss performing. After the show he watched her walking alone to her dressing-room. As he stood near her entrance she looked up at him—directly into his eyes—and walked on. She didn't recognize him. He had to control himself from crying out and telling her who he was. Instead he went straight back to the boat and drank until they had to put him to bed. He was scared of the dandelions.

One night, I,—his only friend—since boyhood . . . received a call. Wandering, I went down to the wharves. The captain of a tramp steamer, who had phoned me—took me into a bunk room—and said, "One hot night in India, at the furthest point in our voyage I was called here. I found 'The Duke'—dead. But, strangely, there was a dandelion on his chest."

The End



# DEATH LAUGHS LAST!

THAT'LL SHUT  
YA UP, SUCKER!  
HA, HA!!

STOP THEM! STOP  
THEM! I'VE BEEN  
ROBBED...AAARGH!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

PEACHES  
25¢

ICE COLD  
BEER

BANG!

LUTHER COROLLI WAS A CUNNING MURDERER / WHAT'S MORE...HE HAD AS MUCH CONSCIENCE OVER HIS EVIL DEEDS AS A SLICK COBRA / THAT, PLUS HIS UNCANNY PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE TO FAMOUS BANKER VINCENT DANIELS GAVE HIM AN IDEA THAT HE THOUGHT WOULD MAKE HIM RICH FOR LIFE. BUT WHAT COROLLI DIDN'T COUNT ON WAS THAT IN CRIME—

DEATH LAUGHS  
LAST!!

A.C.  
Hollingsworth

IN A CROWDED TENEMENT SECTION OF A LARGE EASTERN CITY, A GETAWAY CAR WAS PULLING RAPIDLY AWAY FROM THE CURB...

STOP THEM!  
THOSE DIRTY RATS  
JUST KILLED OLD  
MAN KRONOWITZ!

CALL HEAD-  
QUARTERS!  
WE'LL HEAD  
EM OFF AT  
ROUTE 4!

BANG!  
BANG!

BUT THE CROOKS HAD PLANNED WELL / THEY CAREENED AROUND A LITTER-STREWN CORNER, STOPPED, AND PILED INTO A STATION WAGON NEARBY...

PUFF.. PUFF..  
DID THEY  
SEE US?

NO.. SHUT UP AND GET  
GOING! COME ON! HEAVE  
THAT FAT BELLY OF YOURS  
INTO THE SEAT!



5 THEY HAD LOST THEMSELVES  
-E MILLING TRAFFIC OF A BUSY  
-SECTION. MINUTES LATER, THE  
-C ARRIVED AT THEIR PREDESTINED  
-OUT, ANOTHER JOB COMPLETED...

EW! I  
UGHT WE'D  
EVER GET  
ERE!

HA, HA! THAT WAS  
A SWEET HAUL!  
OPEN THAT SATCHEL,  
VIRGIL! LET'S SEE  
HOW MUCH WE GRABBED  
THIS TIME!

NINETY-TWO BUCKS!  
NINETY-TWO CRUMMY  
BUCKS!

YEAH, VIRGIL!  
"SWEET HAUL", THE  
MASTER BRAIN SAID.  
"HE WAS GONNA GET US  
DOUGH TO BATHE IN",  
HE SAID. "WE'D BE  
SET FER MONTHS",  
HE SAID!

SHUT YER TRAP!  
STEVE! NO ONE TALKS  
OUT O' TURN! HDW WAS  
I TO KNOW THAT THAT  
GROCERY JERK HAD  
PEANUTS IN THE CASH  
REGISTER? NEXT TIME,  
WE'LL PLAN OUR JOBS  
BETTER!

NUTS! I'M  
QUITTING! GET  
YOURSELF ANOTHER  
BOY! I DON'T LIKE  
BEING SHOT AT BY  
BULLS OR BEING  
FRIED FER A LOUSEY  
NINETY-TWO  
BUCKS!!

OWW!

YOU'RE NOT  
QUITTING, STEVE!  
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL  
QUIT THIS CLAMBAKE  
IS FEET-FIRST!  
UNDERSTAND?

SLAP! SMACK!

WHY  
YOU  
I'LL...

NO, STEVE... HE DIDN'T MEAN IT! WE'RE ON  
EDGE... ALL OF US! LUTHER'S GOT A  
BETTER JOB FOR US... H-HAVEN'T YOU,  
LUTHER?

SURE, BOY...  
SURE

LUTHER THOUGHT FAST. HE WAS SCARED. THIS  
JOB HAD BEEN A DUB! HE WAS SLIPPING!  
THE NEWSPAPER ON THE TABLE. A MAN'S  
PICTURE WAS IN IT... A BANKER'S PICTURE.  
THEN THE IDEA HIT HIM!

LOOK AT THIS FACE. I RESEMBLE  
HIM!... HMMM... BOYS... I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING REAL BIG... SOME-  
THING THAT'S GONNA PUT US  
ALL ON EASY STREET!

YEAH?  
WHAT?

SD CORDLI. TOLD THEM, HIS AGILE  
BRAIN BUILDING IT UP STEP BY STEP AS  
HE WENT ALONG. FIRST, THEY WOULD  
CONTACT DOC SILVERS THE UNDERWORLD  
SURGEON. NEXT THEY WOULD PLAN A BIG  
ROBBERY, THEN....

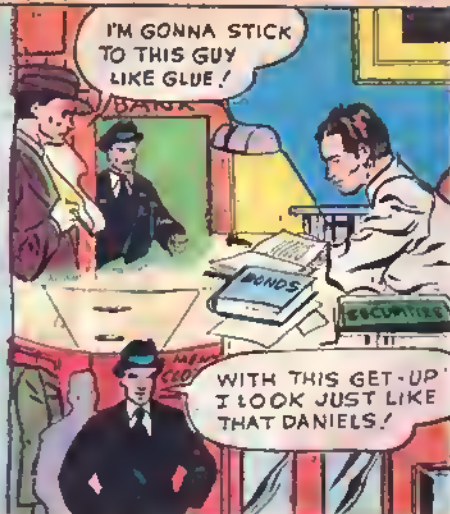
... THEN YOU'LL BUMP  
OFF THIS GUY VINCENT  
DANIELS, AN' TAKE  
OVER! STEVE IT'S  
A NATURAL!

I TOLD  
YA!!

SURE,  
SUCKERS!  
NATURAL...  
ONLY  
FOR  
ME!



VINCENT DANIELS WAS A FAMOUS FIGURE. A BACHELOR, RETIRED, WELL KNOWN, AND RESPECTABLE. THAT'S WHAT MADE LUTHER'S STUDY MUCH SIMPLER. WEEKS OF RESEARCH ON THE BANKER'S HABITS FOLLOWED... OF BACK-BREAKING SHADOWING, OF NOTING EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION ABOUT HIM...



I'M GONNA STICK TO THIS GUY LIKE GLUE!

WITH THIS GET-UP I LOOK JUST LIKE THAT DANIELS!

AND LUTHER AND HIS PALS WOULD VISIT THE HOUSE OF DOG SILVERS FOR SUITABLE CHANGES ON HIS FACE, GLOATING, HOPING, SCHEMING FOR THE DAY OF ACTION...

KEEP IT BANDAGED UP UNTIL SATURDAY. I'LL LOOK AT IT THEN.

OKAY DOC! ONE MORE OPERATION... AND WE'LL BE READY!



HOW ABOUT SHOOTING SOME POOL TONIGHT, LUTHER? ME AN' STEVE THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE THAT, SEEING'S YOUR FACE IS PUFFED UP!

THANKS BOYS, BUT I GOT MORE WORK TO DO. THIS JOB HAS GOTTA BE GOOD! GO ON... ENJOY YOURSELVES!



SEE YOU LATER!

YEAH! SO LONG!

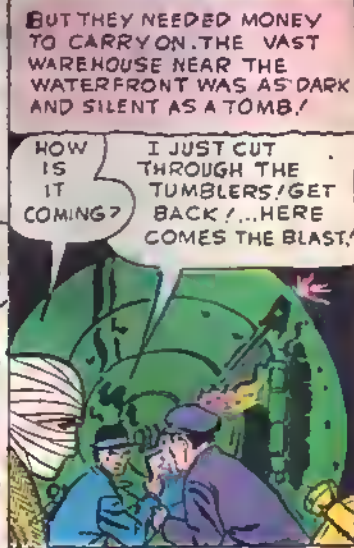
THE JERKS! PLAY POOL WITH MY FACE LIKE THIS! I'D BE SIGNING MY DEATH-WARRANT IF I DID THAT! THEY EVEN WORRY ABOUT ME TOO! HA, HA... OKAY... SO I AM THEIR MEAL TICKET... BUT THEY'RE MY DEAD STOOGES! HA, HA!



BUT THEY NEEDED MONEY TO CARRY ON. THE VAST WAREHOUSE NEAR THE WATERFRONT WAS AS DARK AND SILENT AS A TOMB!

HOW IS IT COMING?

I JUST CUT THROUGH THE TUMBLERS! GET BACK!... HERE COMES THE BLAST!



WHA... THE ALARM MUST HAVE BEEN WIRED UP TO THE SAFE!

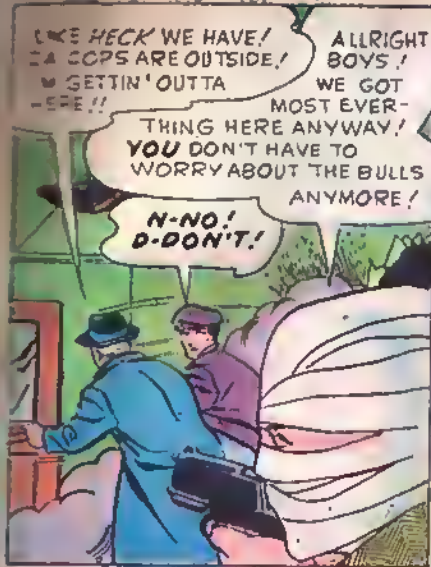
OKAY... OKAY!! HAND ME THE COUGH, WE STILL GOT PLENTY O'TIME LEFT!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!



AND AS USUAL THE POLICE NEVER CAUGHT CAROLLI!





WE HECK WE HAVE!  
THE COPS ARE OUTSIDE!  
GETTIN' OUTTA  
-SPE!!

ALLRIGHT  
BOYS!  
WE GOT  
MOST EVER-  
THING HERE ANYWAY!  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
WORRY ABOUT THE BULLS  
ANYMORE!

N-NO!  
D-DON'T!

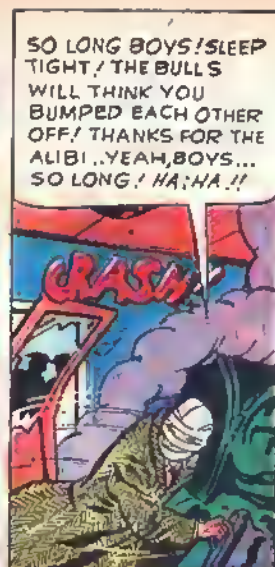


YAAAH!

LUTHER..YOU  
SHOT ME...YOUR  
PAL...YOUR PAL...!  
UGGHH!!

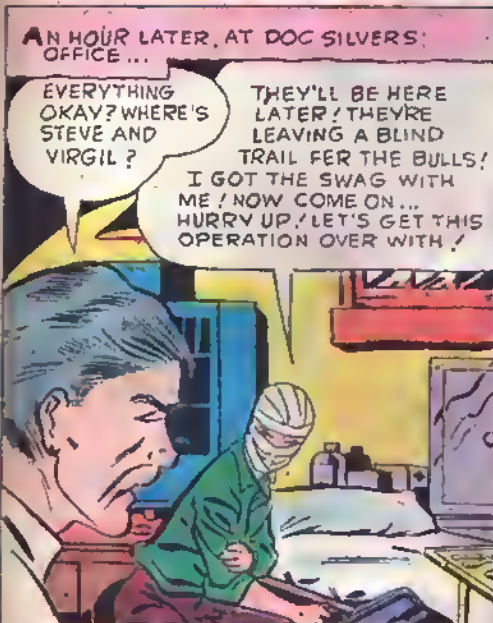
BANG!

BANG!



SO LONG BOYS! SLEEP  
TIGHT! THE BULLS  
WILL THINK YOU  
BUMPED EACH OTHER  
OFF! THANKS FOR THE  
ALBI..YEAH,BOYS...  
SO LONG! HA:HA!!

CRASH!

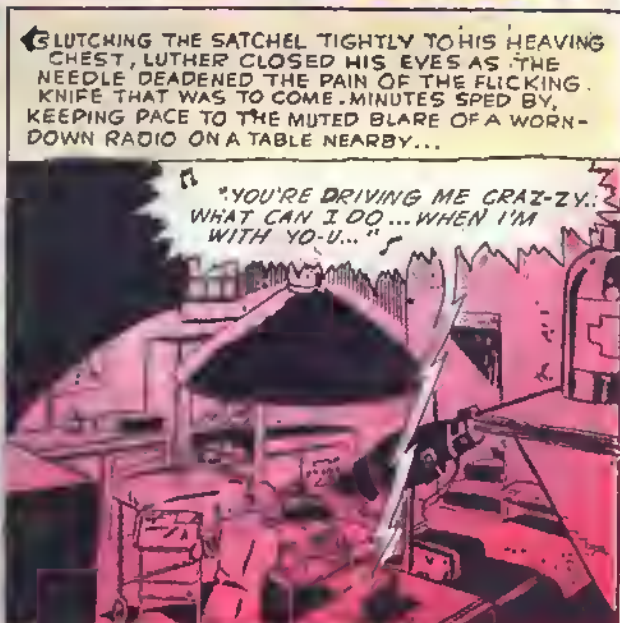


AN HOUR LATER, AT DOC SILVERS'  
OFFICE...

EVERYTHING  
OKAY? WHERE'S  
STEVE AND  
VIRGIL?

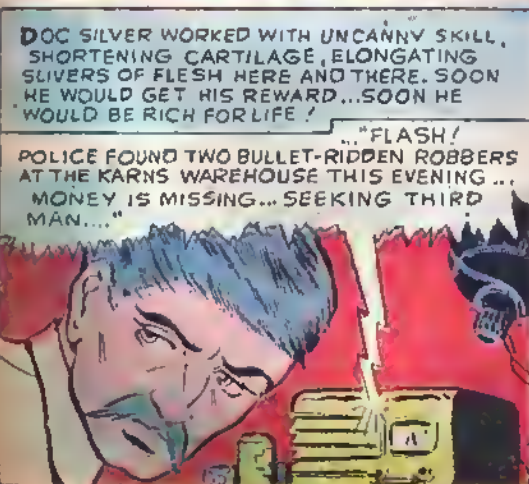
THEY'LL BE HERE  
LATER! THEY'RE  
LEAVING A BLIND  
TRAIL FER THE BULLS!

I GOT THE SWAG WITH  
ME! NOW COME ON...  
HURRY UP! LET'S GET THIS  
OPERATION OVER WITH!



GLUTCHING THE SATCHEL TIGHTLY TO HIS HEAVING  
CHEST, LUTHER CLOSED HIS EYES AS THE  
NEEDLE DEADENED THE PAIN OF THE FLICKING  
KNIFE THAT WAS TO COME. MINUTES SPED BY,  
KEEPING PACE TO THE MUTED BLARE OF A WORN-  
DOWN RADIO ON A TABLE NEARBY...

"YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZ-ZY..  
WHAT CAN I DO...WHEN I'M  
WITH YO-U..."



DOC SILVER WORKED WITH UNCANNY SKILL,  
SHORTENING CARTILAGE, ELONGATING  
SILVERS OF FLESH HERE AND THERE. SOON  
HE WOULD GET HIS REWARD...SOON HE  
WOULD BE RICH FOR LIFE!

...FLASH!

POLICE FOUND TWO BULLET-RIDDEN ROBBERS  
AT THE KARNS WAREHOUSE THIS EVENING...  
MONEY IS MISSING...SEEKING THIRD  
MAN...."



YOU HEARD  
IT, DIDN'T  
YOU, DOC?

NO..NO! I DIDN'T  
HEAR ANYTHING! PLEASE,  
LUTHER..I HELPED YOU...  
YOUR FACE IS FINISHED..  
I..I WON'T TELL!





"YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU LIVE TO BLACKMAIL ME. DID YOU? NO, DOC... YOU GOTTA GO! SHOOTING'S TOO MUCH NOISE!"

HELP!  
HELP!



"I'LL LEAVE SOME OF THE DOUGH IN THOSE WAREHOUSE ENVELOPES, DOC! ...THE MURDER GAT TOG, WITH YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON IT! THE BULLS WILL FIND THEIR THIRD MAN! IT'LL BE YOU... DEAD BY 'SUICIDE'! HA! HA! HA!"

NOW WEEKS OF WEARY WAITING FOLLOWED FOR LUTHER COROLLI... WEEKS OF WAITING FOR NEW FLESH TO HEAL... WEEKS IN WHICH HE COULD GLOAT OVER HIS "PERFECT" CRIME. THEN CAME THE MOMENT FOR HIS FINAL STEP...

THERE HE IS... VINCENT DANIELS... PACKING FOR A TRIP... HE'S GONNA BE SURPRISED!



OKAY, PAL... STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET INSIDE? IF IT'S MONEY YOU WANT... GOOD LORD! YOUR VOICE... YOUR FACE!!



YEAH! PRETTY GOOD RESEMBLANCE, ISN'T IT? SAME HEIGHT... ALMOST THE SAME WEIGHT... AND ALL YOUR CLOTHES'LL FIT ME LIKE A GLOVE! YEAH... ALL THIS'LL BE MINE!

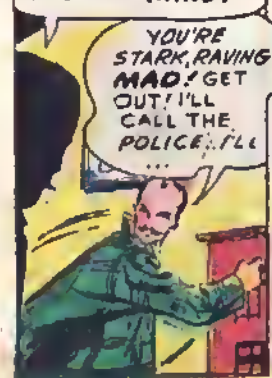
YOU'LL DO NOTHING! YOU'RE THROUGH LIVING! I'M TAKING OVER YOUR LIFE! I'LL BE RICH, RESPECTED!

THEN LUTHER DRAGGED THE CORPSE OUT TO THE TERRACE INTO THE BACK YARD OF THE ISOLATED ESTATE, THROUGH THORNY BUSHES, THROUGH THICKETED BRAMBLES, TOWARDS A HIDDEN CLEARING....

NO ONE SAW ME! THIS PLACE LOOKS DESERTED! GOOD! JUST A LITTLE FURTHER NOW... JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE!

YOU'RE STARK, RAVING MAD! GET OUT! I'LL CALL THE POLICE! TLL...

OH HH...





—HERE WE ARE, DANIELS! THERE'S THE LIME PIT  
—ING FOR YOU! YOU WERE BUILDING  
—ANOTHER HOUSE ON YOUR PROPERTY WEREN'T  
—YOU?

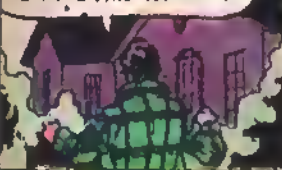


GOODBYE, SUCKER! YOU DON'T EXIST  
ANYMORE! NO.. NOT EVEN ONE TINY EYE-  
LASH! I'M YOU NOW! HA, HA!!



MAKING SURE HE FULLY  
EMPTIED HIS POCKETS  
OF ALL IDENTIFICATION  
AFTER HE HAD SWITCHED  
WALLETS WITH THAT  
OF THE DEAD MAN,  
LUTHER STRODE BACK  
TO THE HOUSE, HIS HEAD  
SWELLED WITH TRIUMPH!

I'LL GO TO EUROPE NEXT  
WEEK / THEN I'LL PUT MY  
WAREHOUSE DOUGH IN  
ONE OF THOSE FANCY  
BANKS AND RETIRE!



ANY TIME I NEED EXTRA CASH OTHER  
THAN WHAT I GOT, I'LL JUST WIRE-  
HOME TO ONE OF MY BANKS HERE! BOY..  
WHAT A LIFE! LOOK AT THIS JOINT! MUST  
BE WORTH A COOL 200 GRAND



GLING OPEN DOOR,  
AFTER DOOR, THE  
ELATED MAN FINGERED,  
FELT, RUBBED ALL THE  
EXPENSIVE THINGS HE  
SAW...

HA, HA!!  
VINCENT DANIELS!  
THAT'S ME! THESE ARE  
MY THINGS! HEY..LOOK  
THOSE TRUNKS ARE  
PACKED! WONDER WHAT'S  
IN THEM?



BUT BEFORE LUTHER COROLLI COULD  
OPEN THE BAGS....

THERE HE  
IS! GRAB  
HIM!!

WHERE  
IS SHE,  
DANIELS?

CRASH!



HA HA! LOOKS LIKE THE  
POLICE WANT DANIELS TOO!

W-WHAT..WHAT'S  
GOING ON? W-WHERE  
WHO? WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

STOP STALLING,  
DANIELS! WE TRACED  
THE CALL HERE WHEN  
WE HEARD THE SHOT OVER  
THE PHONE! SEARCH THE  
HOUSE, MEN!

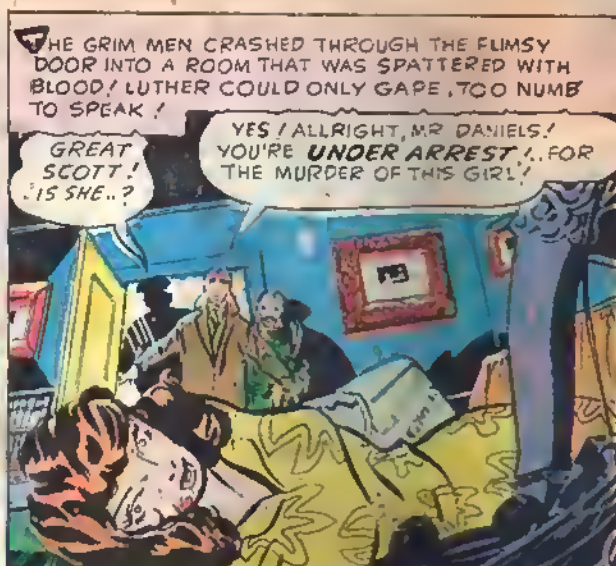






PLEASE, WHAT IS ALL THIS? I'M ALONE HERE! WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!

THIS DOOR IS LOCKED! **BREAK IT DOWN!**



GREAT SCOTT! IS SHE...?

YES! ALLRIGHT, MR DANIELS! YOU'RE **UNDER ARREST**... FOR THE MURDER OF THIS GIRL!



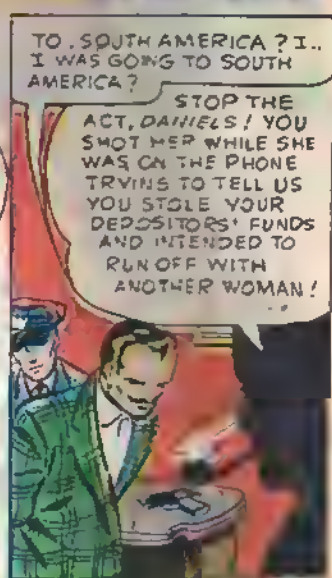
BUT I DIDN'T DO IT, I... I... NEVER SAW HER... I MEAN... I... PLEASE... YOU **MUST** BELIEVE ME!

COME ALONG QUIETLY, OR WE'LL HAVE TO USE **FORCE!**



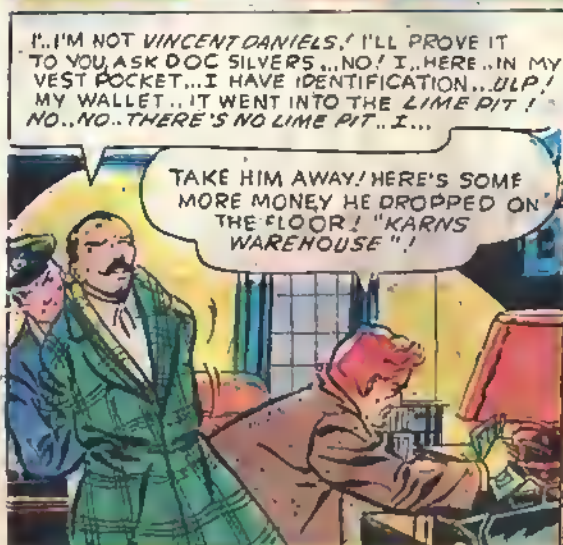
NO, I WON'T GO! I DIDN'T KILL HER! IF SHE WAS SHOT, WHERE'S THE GUN THAT DID IT? YEAH... YEAH... **WHERE'S THE GUN?**

RIGHT HERE IN YOUR COAT POCKET... AND THERE'S THE MONEY IN THOSE BAGS YOU WERE PLANNING TO TAKE WITH YOU TO SOUTH AMERICA!



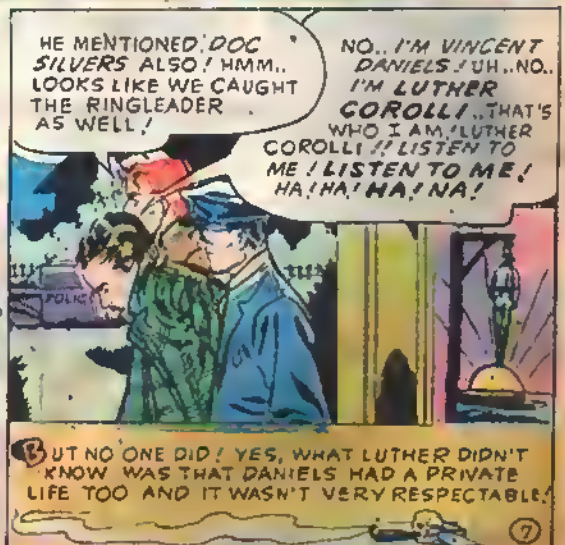
TO SOUTH AMERICA? I... I WAS GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA?

**STOP THE ACT, DANIELS!** YOU SHOT HER WHILE SHE WAS ON THE PHONE TRYING TO TELL US YOU STOLE YOUR DEPOSITORS' FUNDS AND INTENDED TO RUN OFF WITH ANOTHER WOMAN!



I... I'M NOT VINCENT DANIELS! I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU, ASK DOC SILVERS... NO! I... HERE... IN MY VEST POCKET... I HAVE IDENTIFICATION... ULP! MY WALLET... IT WENT INTO THE LIME PIT! NO... NO... THERE'S NO LIME PIT... I...

TAKE HIM AWAY! HERE'S SOME MORE MONEY HE DROPPED ON THE FLOOR! "KARNS WAREHOUSE"!



HE MENTIONED DOC SILVERS ALSO! HMM... LOOKS LIKE WE CAUGHT THE RINGLEADER AS WELL!

NO... I'M VINCENT DANIELS! UH... NO... I'M LUTHER COROLLI... THAT'S WHO I AM, LUTHER COROLLI! LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN TO ME! HA! HA! HA! NA!

BUT NO ONE DID! YES, WHAT LUTHER DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT DANIELS HAD A PRIVATE LIFE TOO AND IT WASN'T VERY RESPECTABLE!



# The "LADY KILLER RETURNS.

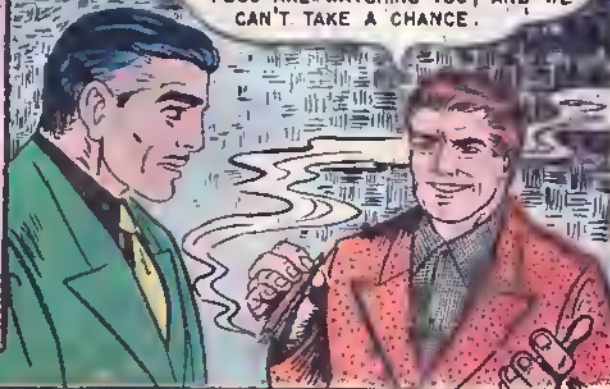


I NEVER WANT TO COME BACK TO THIS ROCK -- I GOTTA GET MYSELF A NEW RACKET!

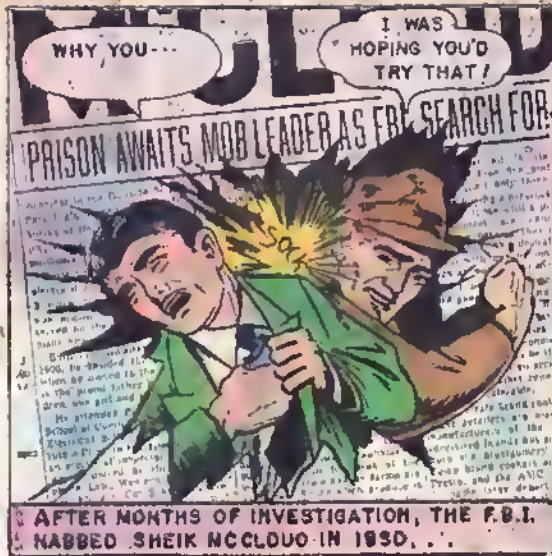
BUT I TELL YOU, NICK, I WAS ONCE RIGHT UP THERE WITH CAPONE. IF THE FEDS HADN'T FRAMED ME, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN BIGGER THAN CAPONE...

SURE, POP, I READ THE PAPERS WHEN I WAS A KID. YOU WAS A BIG WHEEL O.K., BUT THIS IS 1950 AND THINGS HAS CHANGED A BIT. WE DON'T USE THEM CRUDE METHOOS YOU OLD TIMERS WENT IN FOR. THE FEES ARE WATCHING YOU, AND WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE.

SHEIK MCCLLOUD WAS ONE OF THE MOST CUNNING GANG LEADERS OF ALL TIME. WITH TOMMY-GUN AND "PINEAPPLE", HE CARVED OUT AN EMPIRE OF CRIME THAT MADE HIM THE ENVY OF RIVAL GANSTERS AND THE DESPAIR OF HONEST POLICE OFFICERS. THROUGH TERROR AND BRIBERY, HE HAD PLACED HIMSELF ABOVE THE LAW. BUT THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW CAME TO BEAR ON MCCLLOUD AT LAST, AND THE PRISON GATES SLAMMED SHUT ON HIM. ALMOST TWENTY YEARS HAVE GONE BY SINCE THEN, AND MCCLLOUD WAS RELEASED. COULD HE RESUME HIS CAREER OF CRIME IN THE NEW WAYS OF THE UNDERWORLD?







AND SO SHEIK WENT TO PRISON AND SERVED NEARLY 20 YEARS OF HIS TIME BEFORE HE WAS RELEASED ON GOOD BEHAVIOR.



BUT GETTING INTO A NEW RACKET WAS NOT EASY AFTER SO MANY YEARS. . .

WE CAN'T USE YOU, POP! YOU AIN'T HEP TO THE WAY WE OPERATE NOW. YOU AIN'T GOT THE CONTACTS OR THE DOUGH TO GET BACK INTO THE BIG TIME. MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE OUT IN SOME RACKET LIKE PUSHING DOPE OR MAKING BOOK. YOU MIGHT BUILD UP TO A BIG THING IF YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU SAY YOU ARE!



A NEAT LITTLE RACKET OF MY OWN. BUT WHAT? I DON'T KNOW THE COPS THAT ARE WILLING TO TAKE BRIBES. IF I PULL SOME SMALL DEAL I MIGHT GET SENT UP AGAIN! I CAN'T GO BACK TO THE ROCK! I CAN'T...





I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'D BETTER GET A JOB BEFORE MY DOUGH RUNS OUT. ONLY PUNKS WORK FOR A LIVING, BUT I GOT TO EAT TILL I CAN GET A RACKET....



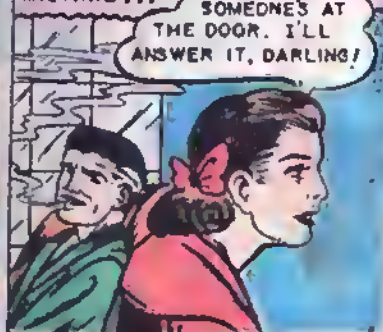
WHAT'S THIS? ATTRACTIVE WIDOW WITH OWN INCOME SEEKS INTRODUCTION TO MATURE, REFINED GENTLEMAN... OBJECT MATRIMONY....



...HMMM. WHY NOT? I'M STILL A GOOD LOOKING BUY. I'LL LET THIS SILLY OLD DOLL TAKE CARE OF ME UNTIL I GET ON MY FEET. EVEN IF SHE LOOKS LIKE DEATH WARMED OVER.... IT'S BETTER THAN GOING TO WORK!



SHEIK WOODED AND WON THE LOVE STRUCK NARRA THAYER AND FOUND THAT SHE WAS VERY WILLING TO FINANCE HIS "BUSINESS VENTURES". FOR A WHILE SHEIK FORGOT ABOUT CRIME AND JUST ENJOYED HIS GOOD FORTUNE. THEN NARRA MADE A FATAL MISTAKE...



SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR. I'LL ANSWER IT, DARLING!

I UNDERSTAND YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MISS THAYER... PARDON ME... IT'S ABOUT MY INSURANCE

MR. BLEEK, I WANT TO CHANGE THE BENEFICIARY. I WISH TO NAME MY HUSBAND AS THE ONE TO WHOM MY MONEY SHOULD GO IF I DIE!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, HANNA? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANY INSURANCE, DARLING!

TEN THOUSAND IN INSURANCE AND TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED IN WAR BONDS, DEAR. I'M WILLING IT ALL TO YOU... IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME.



THIS DAME IS LOADED WITH DOUGH! AND I GET IT ALL WHEN SHE KICKS OFF. BUT SHE'S GOOD FOR ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS, AT LEAST... HMMM... OR IS SHE?



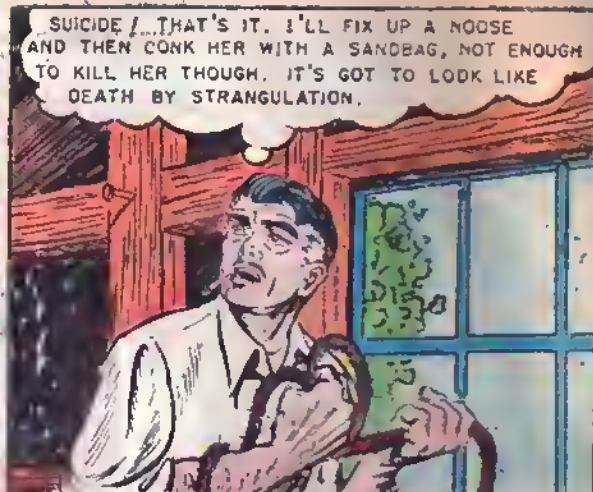


LATER...

LET'S SEE, HOW CAN I KNOCK HER OFF? A ROD'S NO GOOD. IT'S GOT TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE...



SUICIDE! THAT'S IT. I'LL FIX UP A NOOSE AND THEN CONK HER WITH A SANDBAG, NOT ENOUGH TO KILL HER THOUGH. IT'S GOT TO LOOK LIKE DEATH BY STRANGULATION.



MEANWHILE---AT THE INSURANCE OFFICE...

I DON'T LIKE THIS MCLOUD POLICY, CHIEF. I'M AFRAID WE MAY HAVE TO PAY OFF SOONER THAN WE EXPECT UNLESS MCLOUD HAS CHANGED FOR THE BETTER.

KEEP AN EYE ON THEM, BLEEK. IF ANYTHING FISHY HAPPENS TO MRS. MCLOUD, I WANT A FULL INVESTIGATION!



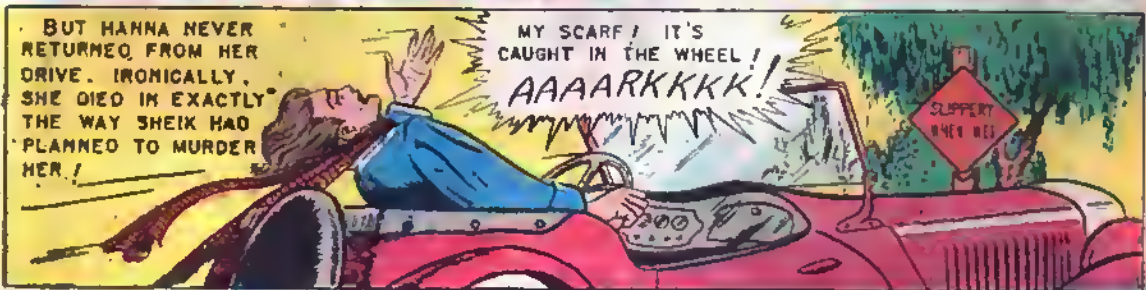
UNAWARE THAT HE WAS UNDER SUSPICION, SHEIK WENT AHEAD WITH HIS MURDEROUS PLANS.

THAT SHOULD DO IT. NOW AS SOON AS SHE GETS HOME FROM HER DRIVE...



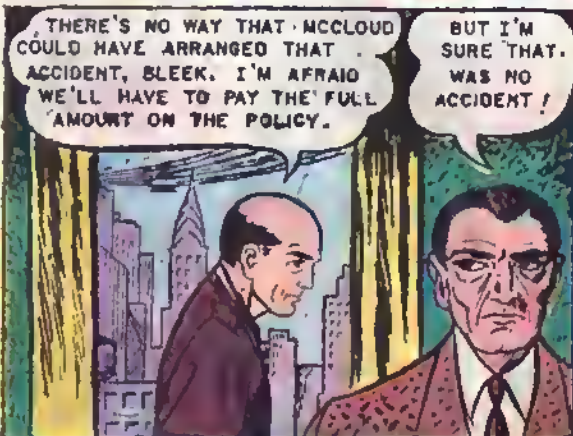
BUT HANNA NEVER RETURNED FROM HER DRIVE. IRONICALLY, SHE DIED IN EXACTLY THE WAY SHEIK HAD PLANNED TO MURDER HER!

MY SCARF! IT'S CAUGHT IN THE WHEEL! AAAARKKKK!



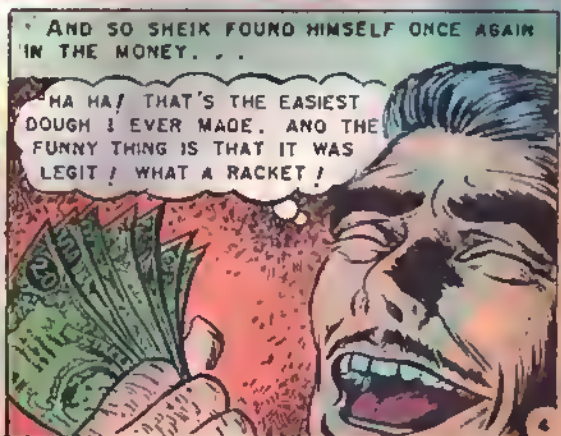
THERE'S NO WAY THAT MCLOUD COULD HAVE ARRANGED THAT ACCIDENT, BLEEK. I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO PAY THE FULL AMOUNT ON THE POLICY.

BUT I'M SURE THAT. WAS NO ACCIDENT!



AND SO SHEIK FOUND HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN IN THE MONEY...

HA HA! THAT'S THE EASIEST DOUGH I EVER MADE. AND THE FUNNY THING IS THAT IT WAS LEGIT! WHAT A RACKET!





WITHIN A YEAR, SHEIK REMARRIED. A MISS DOROTHY GAIN.



I INTEND TO DO A LITTLE DRY CLEANING AT HOME...

FRANKLY, SIR, I LIKE TO SELL GAS, BUT I HATE TO LOSE CUSTOMERS. IF YOU MUST USE IT FOR CLEANING, BE SURE AND DO IT OUT-OF-DOORS AND AWAY FROM FLAMES.

NOW TO RIG UP A WIRE SO THAT I CAN SET THIS OFF FROM ANOTHER ROOM WHILE DOROTHY IS IN THE KITCHEN... SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR.



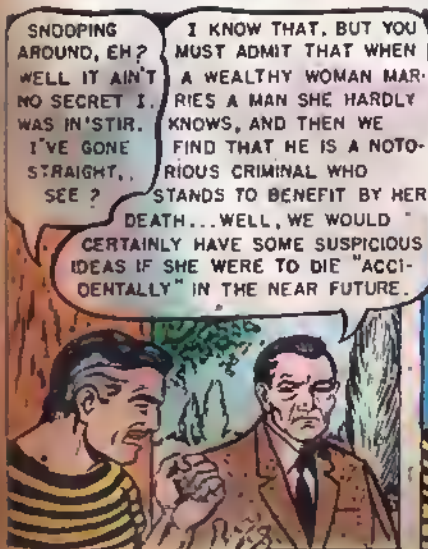
WHY, HELLO THERE, MR. BLEEK. ER... MY WIFE IS NOT AT HOME. MAY I TAKE A MESSAGE?

IT'S JUST AS WELL, MR. MCLOUD. FRANKLY, IT'S YOU I WANTED TO TALK TO.



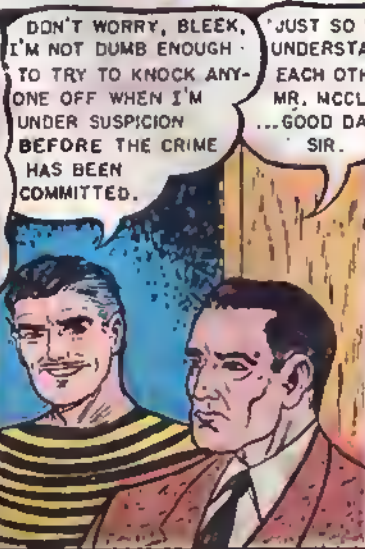
ME? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DON'T HAVE ANY INSURANCE.

I KNOW, AND THAT ALONG WITH YOUR CRIMINAL RECORD HAS ME WORRIED.



SNODDING AROUND, EH? WELL IT AIN'T NO SECRET I WAS IN 'STIR. I'VE GONE STRAIGHT, SEE?

I KNOW THAT, BUT YOU MUST ADMIT THAT WHEN A WEALTHY WOMAN MARRIES A MAN SHE HARDLY KNOWS, AND THEN WE FIND THAT HE IS A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL WHO STANDS TO BENEFIT BY HER DEATH... WELL, WE WOULD CERTAINLY HAVE SOME SUSPICIOUS IDEAS IF SHE WERE TO DIE "ACCIDENTALLY" IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



DON'T WORRY, BLEEK, I'M NOT DUMB ENOUGH TO TRY TO KNOCK ANYONE OFF WHEN I'M UNDER SUSPICION BEFORE THE CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED.



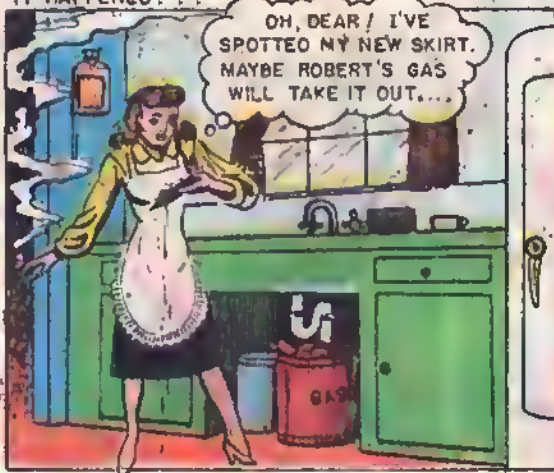
JUST SO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, MR. MCLOUD... GOOD DAY, SIR.



THAT WAS CLOSE! AM I GLAD THEY TOLD ME THEY SUSPECTED ME IN TIME! I'LL HAVE TO CALL OFF THE WHOLE DEAL!



IRONICALLY, SHEIK WAS CALLED TO CHICAGO AS A WITNESS BY POLICE WHO WANTED TO CHECK UP ON A GANG SLAYING. DOROTHY WAS ALONE WHEN IT HAPPENED.



DOROTHY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT GASOLINE AND LIT CIGARETTES DON'T MIX!



HE MUST HAVE KILLED HER. IT JUST ISN'T RIGHT FOR A KNOWN KILLER TO COLLECT HIS WIFE'S INSURANCE LESS THAN A WEEK AFTER SHE NAMES HIM BENEFICIARY!

I KNOW, BLEEK. BUT WE HAVE NO CHOICE. HIS ALIBI WAS SO GOOD THAT IT'S ANOTHER REASON TO SUSPECT HIM! IMAGINE BEING IN A POLICE STATION AT THE TIME OF THE 'ACCIDENT'!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT. BUT I KNOW YOU KILLED HER. I HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE MONEY, MC CLOUD, BUT I'LL GET YOU IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!

HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, MR. BLEEK. YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME ANYWAY!

WELL, THAT WAS THE EASIEST MONEY I EVER MADE. NOW TO GO TO FLORIDA AND ENJOY LIFE... HMMM... THAT'S A NICE LOOKING GOLL. I WONDER IF I COULD MEET HER?



USING HIS SMOOTH TONGUE, SHEIK HAD NO TROUBLE MEETING THE GLAMOROUS GLORIA DIXON. BY THE TIME THE TRAIN ARRIVED IN FLORIDA - THEY WERE OLD FRIENDS...



WILL I SEE YOU TONIGHT, GLORIA?

OF COURSE, MR. MC CLOUD. I'M STAYING AT THE MONARCH HOTEL!

AFTER A WHIRLWIND COURTSHIP, SHEIK MC CLOUD FOUND HIMSELF ONCE MORE BOUND FOR THE ALTAR...





AFTER MARRIAGE, HOWEVER, GLORIA PROVED TO HAVE A VERY NASTY DISPOSITION...

YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE A RICH MAN, BUT YOU WON'T LET ME SPEND THE MONEY FOR A NEW HUNK COAT. WELL I HAVE MONEY OF MY OWN! I DON'T NEED YOUR TIGHT FISTED GENEROSITY!

BUT DARLING, YOU HAVE TWO FUR COATS NOW!

SHE THINKS I'M MADE OF MONEY. I'D BETTER DUST HER OFF BEFORE I'M BROKE!

I'LL JUST HAVE TO WRITE HER OFF AS TOO EXPENSIVE TO LIVE WITH, AND GET ME A MORE SENSIBLE WIFE... BUT WAIT... DON'T SHE SAY SHE HAS SOME MONEY? MAYBE I CAN GET MY HOOKS ON IT... I THINK I'LL STAY AFTER ALL... TILL AFTER THE FUNERAL!

MEANWHILE, THE DETERMINED MR. BLEEK WAS STILL ON THE TRAIL...

I'LL HAVE TO WARN HER AT ONCE. HE MAY KILL HER AT ANY TIME!

SAY, BLEEK, THAT FELLOW WCCLOUD HAS MARRIED AGAIN. ANOTHER OF OUR INSURANCE RISKS. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!

MEANWHILE, SHEIK WAS READY FOR HIS PLAN...

SHE'S TAKING HER BATH. I'LL DROWN HER IN THE TUB... THEN TOSS HER BODY IN THE SEA. THERE'S A STRONG RIP-TIDE AND EVERY ONE KNOWS SHE CAN'T SWIM... THEN I'LL COLLECT ANOTHER PILE OF EASY DOUGH!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? GET OUT--I--LET GO OF M--(BLUM)

THIS IS A GINCH! NOW I'LL-- THAT'S FUNNY... I FEEL A CRAMP... I... GOT TO GET OUTSIDE... I...

LATER!

MY INSIDES ARE BURNING UP... THAT COFFEE I HAD TASTED FUNNY... SHE MUST HAVE... PUT... POISON... AAAARRGHH H H.....

...SO YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, THEY BOTH HAD THE SAME RACKET. HER REAL NAME WAS MARY TIBAR, ALIAS "ARSENIC MARY"! SHE LIKED TO HARRY WEALTHY MEN AND KILL THEM FOR THEIR INSURANCE... AND TO THINK I CAME DOWN HERE TO WARN HER AGAINST HIM!!

THE END



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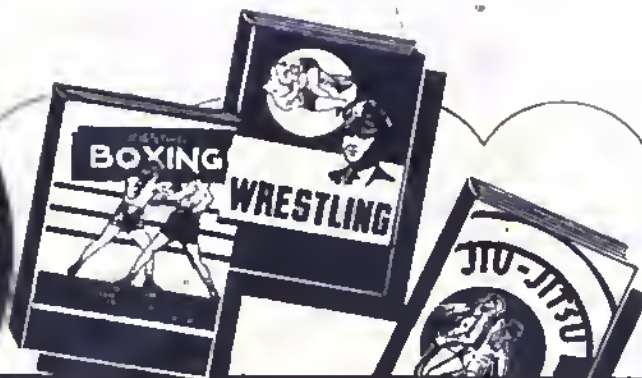
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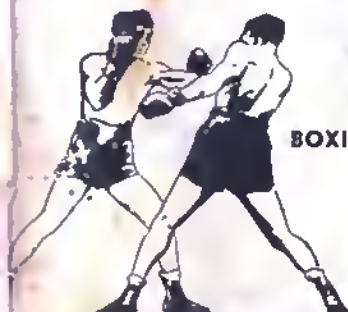
Police Wrestling,  
Professional Wrestling  
Holds, Punishing  
Grips

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